

NATIONAL

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4



APRIL
No. 59

COMICS

STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢

The
BARKER

BRINGS THE
HIGHFLYING
BIRDMAN
DOWN TO
EARTH!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



THESE
TITLES ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



PACKED WITH 60 PAGES
OF

ACTION, LAUGHS AND THRILLS!

HIT
COMICS
NATIONAL
COMICS

THE BARKER



STEP INTO COLONEL LANE'S MAMMOTH CIRCUS TENT WHERE CARNIE CALAHAN, THE BARKER, MEETS ONE OF THE STRANGEST AERIAL ARTISTS IN THE WORLD, THE BIRDMAN!

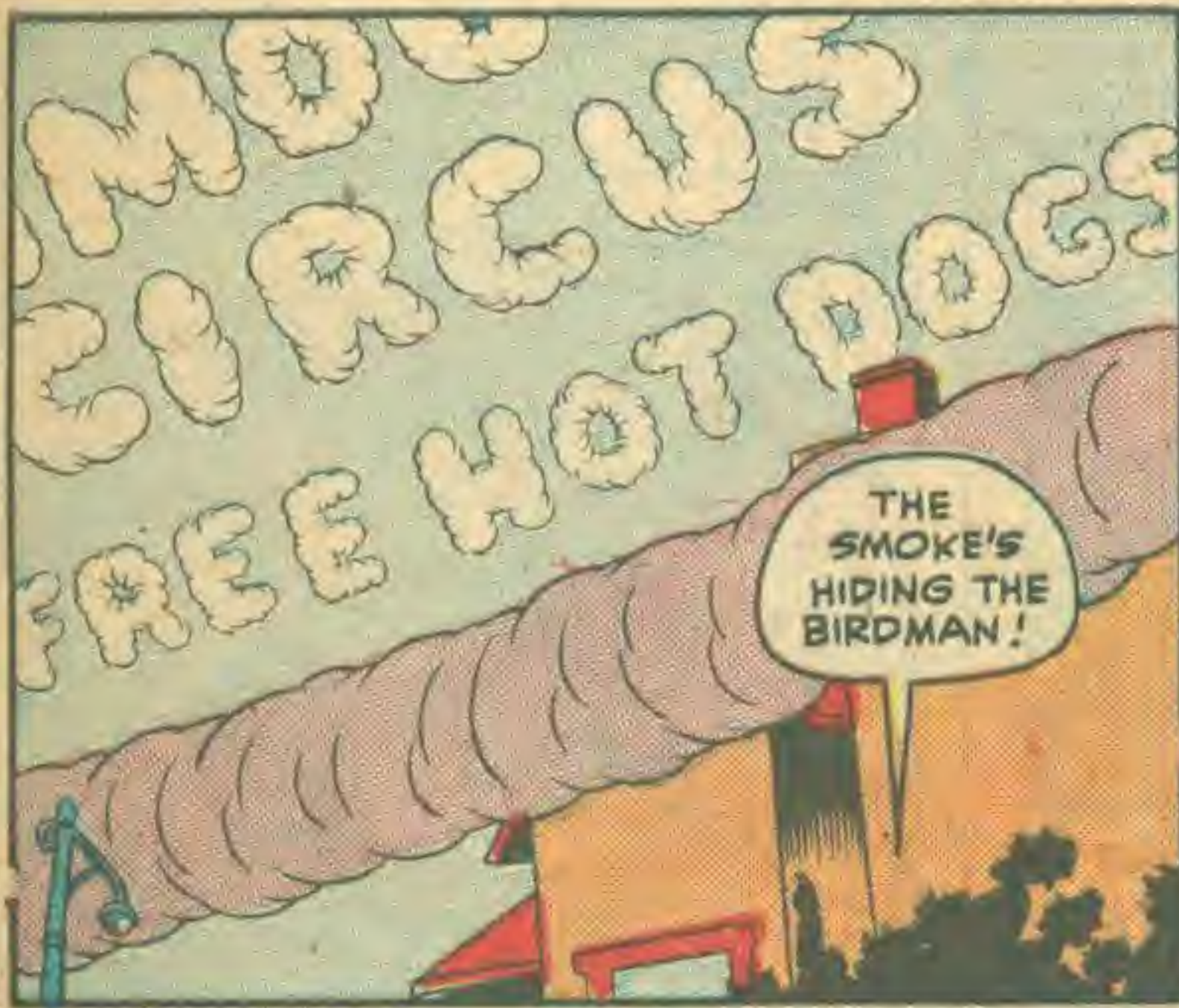




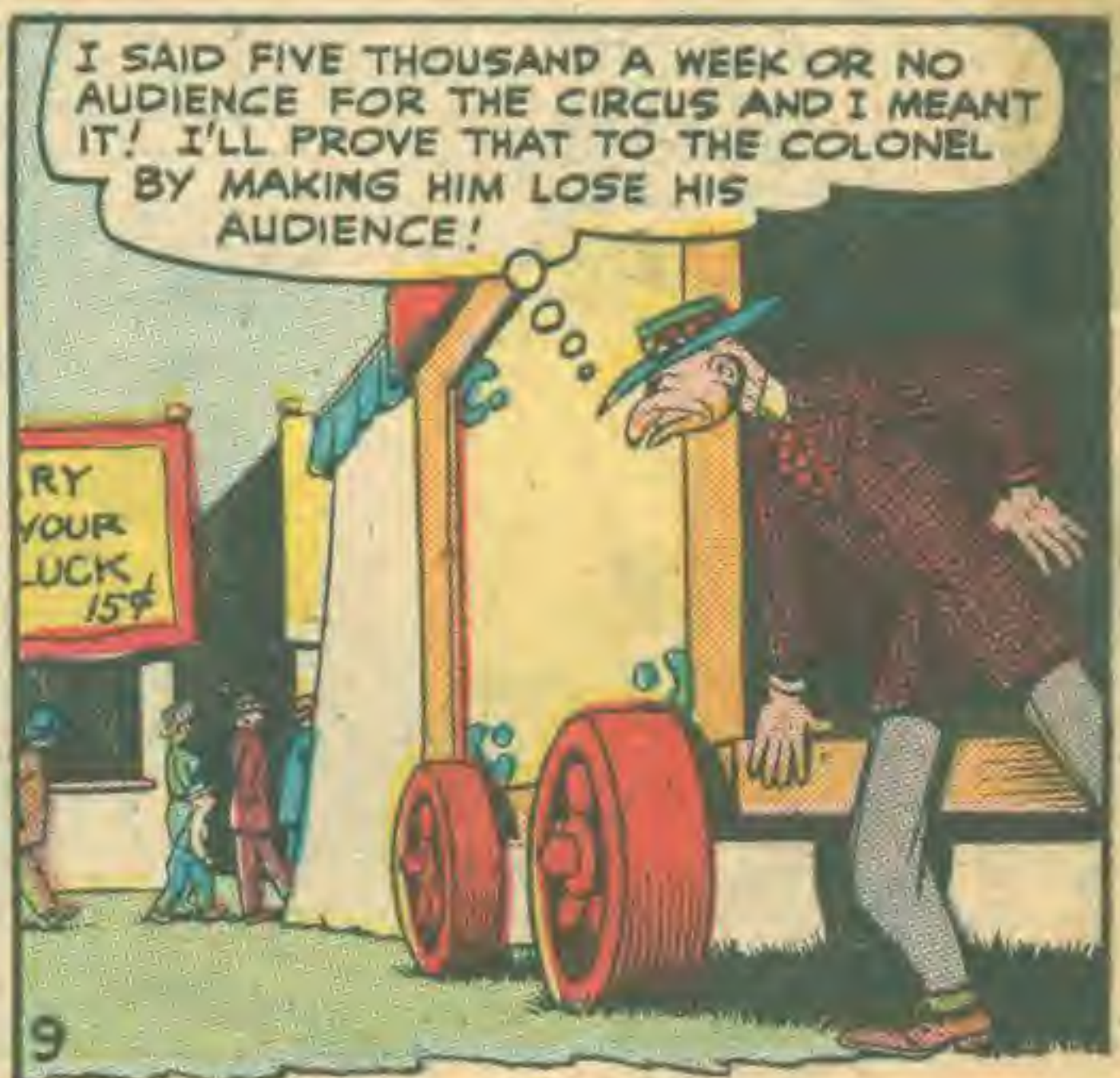


















LASSIE









Meanwhile, upstairs...

I'VE CALLED THE POLICE, DANDINA, ABOUT YOUR NECKLACE ...AND LASSIE!

OH, WHY DID I EVER PACK SUCH A PRECIOUS THING IN A TRAVELING BAG?

BUT NEVER MIND THE BRACELET, ROBERTA... WE'D BETTER WORRY ABOUT LASSIE!

GOOD HEAVENS! DO YOU SUPPOSE SOME PROWLER MIGHT HAVE BEEN IN THE HOUSE WHEN LASSIE OPENED THE BAG?

I HATE TO THINK OF IT, BUT IF SHE WENT OUT WEARING SUCH A VALUABLE JEWEL, A THIEF MIGHT HAVE NABBED THEM BOTH!

HERE COME THE POLICE NOW, ROBERTA!

I'M SURE WE'LL FIND THE LITTLE GIRL SAFE, MISS, BUT, IN THE MEANTIME, WITH YOUR PERMISSION, WE'LL TAKE A QUICK LOOK AROUND THE HOUSE FOR POSSIBLE CLUES!

GO RIGHT AHEAD, OFFICER!

THE BELL! IT MAY BE LASSIE!

I'LL ANSWER IT, ROBERTA!

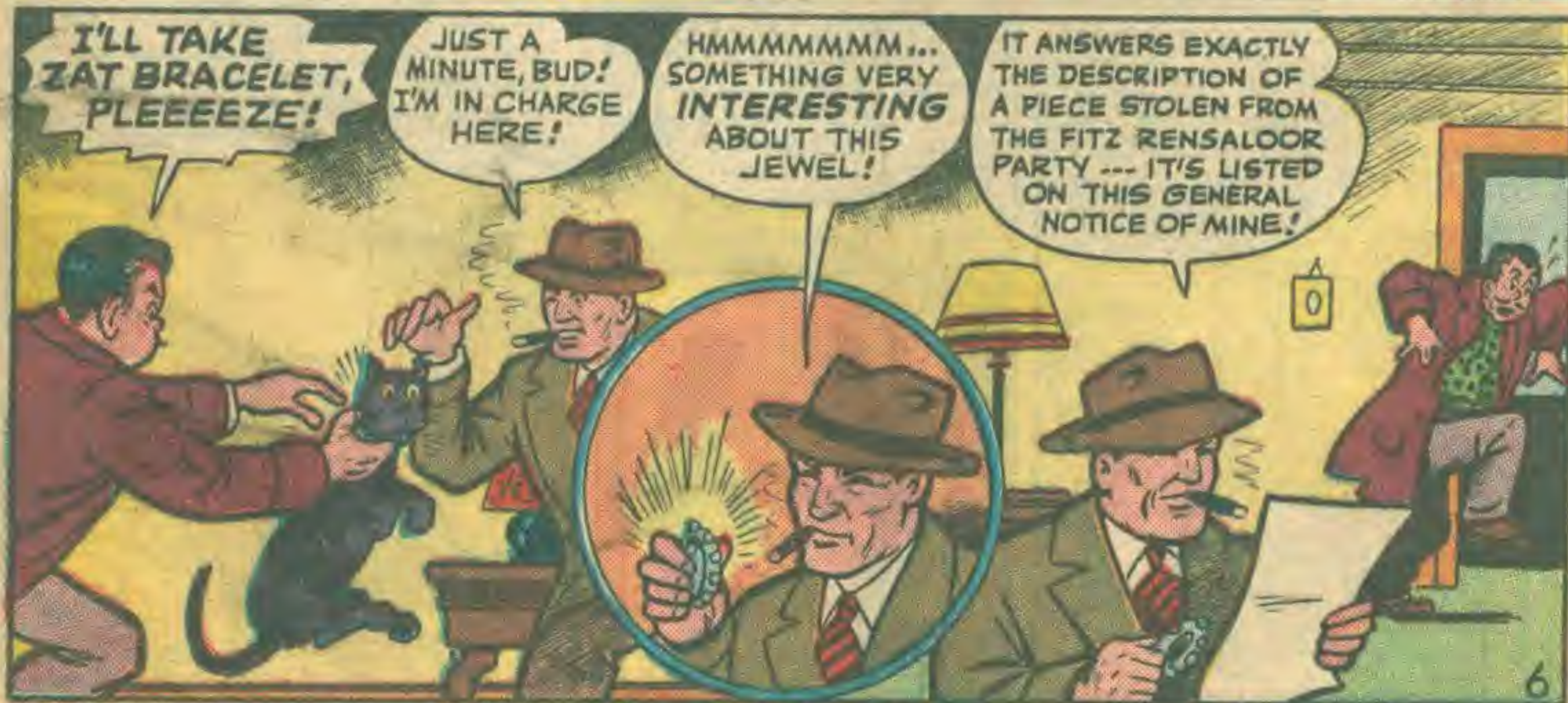
DANDINA! MOS' PRECIOUS B'YOOTI-FUL ONE... I AM HERE!

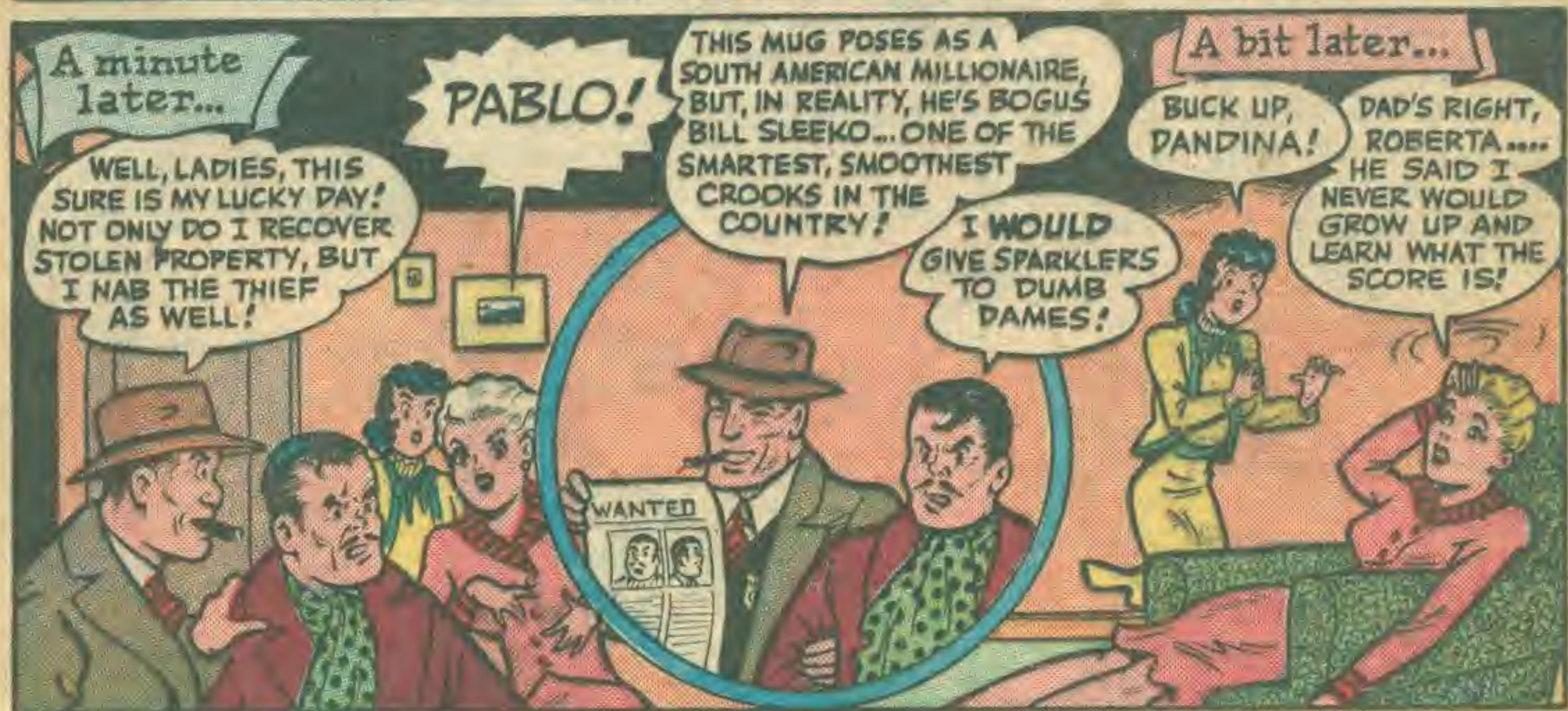
YOU! PABLO ---ONE MINUTE, PLEASE!

OH, ROBERTA, THIS IS GHASTLY! PABLO, MY FIANCE', IS HERE... I'D QUITE FORGOTTEN I WEAKLY CONSENTED TO LET HIM... DROP IN AND SEE ME HERE!

ER... ROBERTA... SEÑOR PABLO PIMINEZ!

SEÑORITA! MY EYES BLEENK AT SO MUCH B'YOOTY, ALL AT ONCE!





SALLY O'NEIL

POLICEWOMAN

The Smiling Swede had a mighty nice used-car racket worked up! He might have cleaned up a fortune ... if he hadn't tried to peddle Policewoman Sally O'Neil's own car ... while she was still in it!

USED CARS
CHEAP

OFFERED AS
IS- NEEDS
AIRS



HMMM! A NEW PARKING LOT JUST A BLOCK FROM HEAD-QUARTERS - AND CHEAP, TOO! WELL, I'LL GIVE THEM MY PATRONAGE!

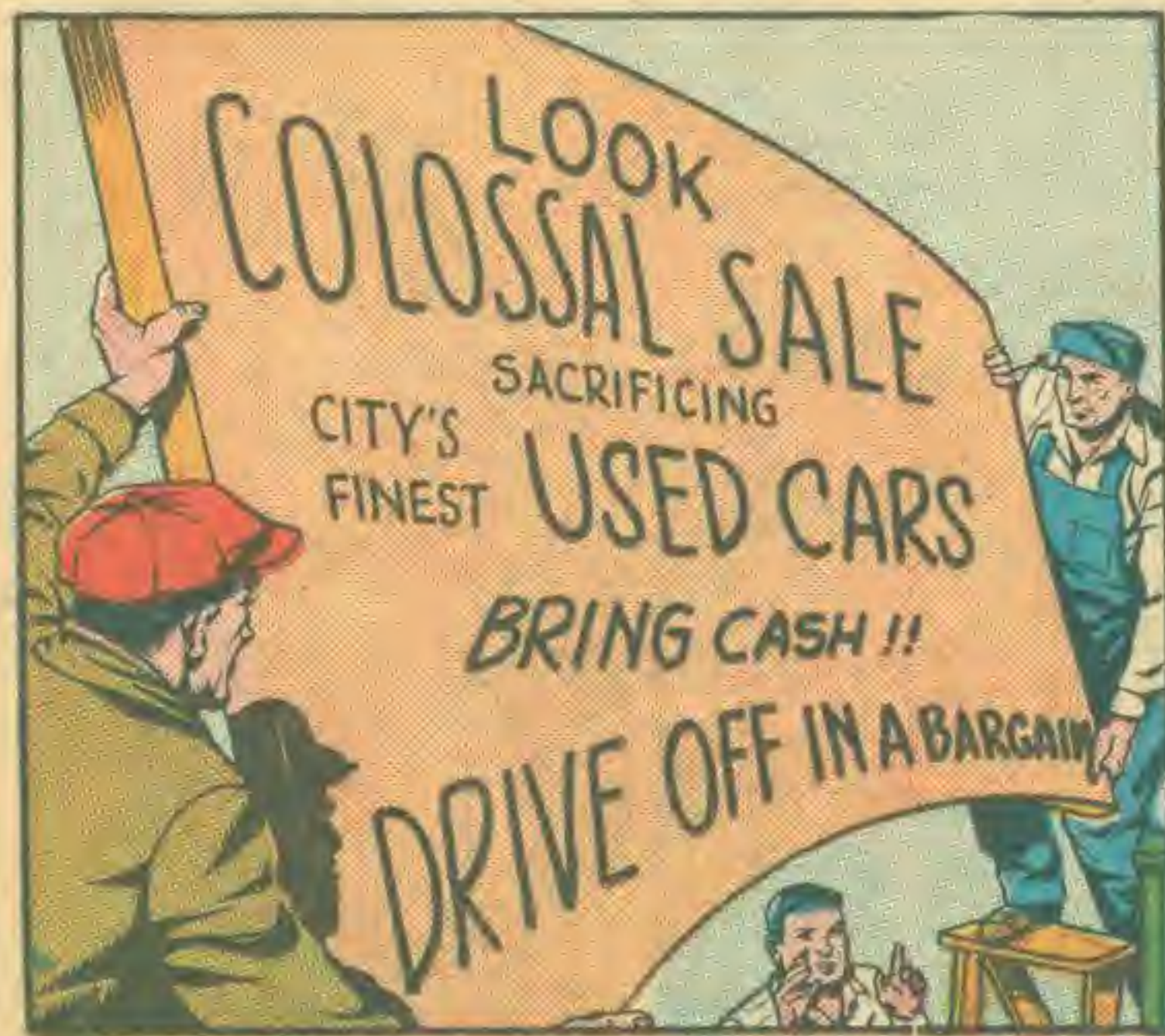
SMILING SWEDE
PARKING LOT

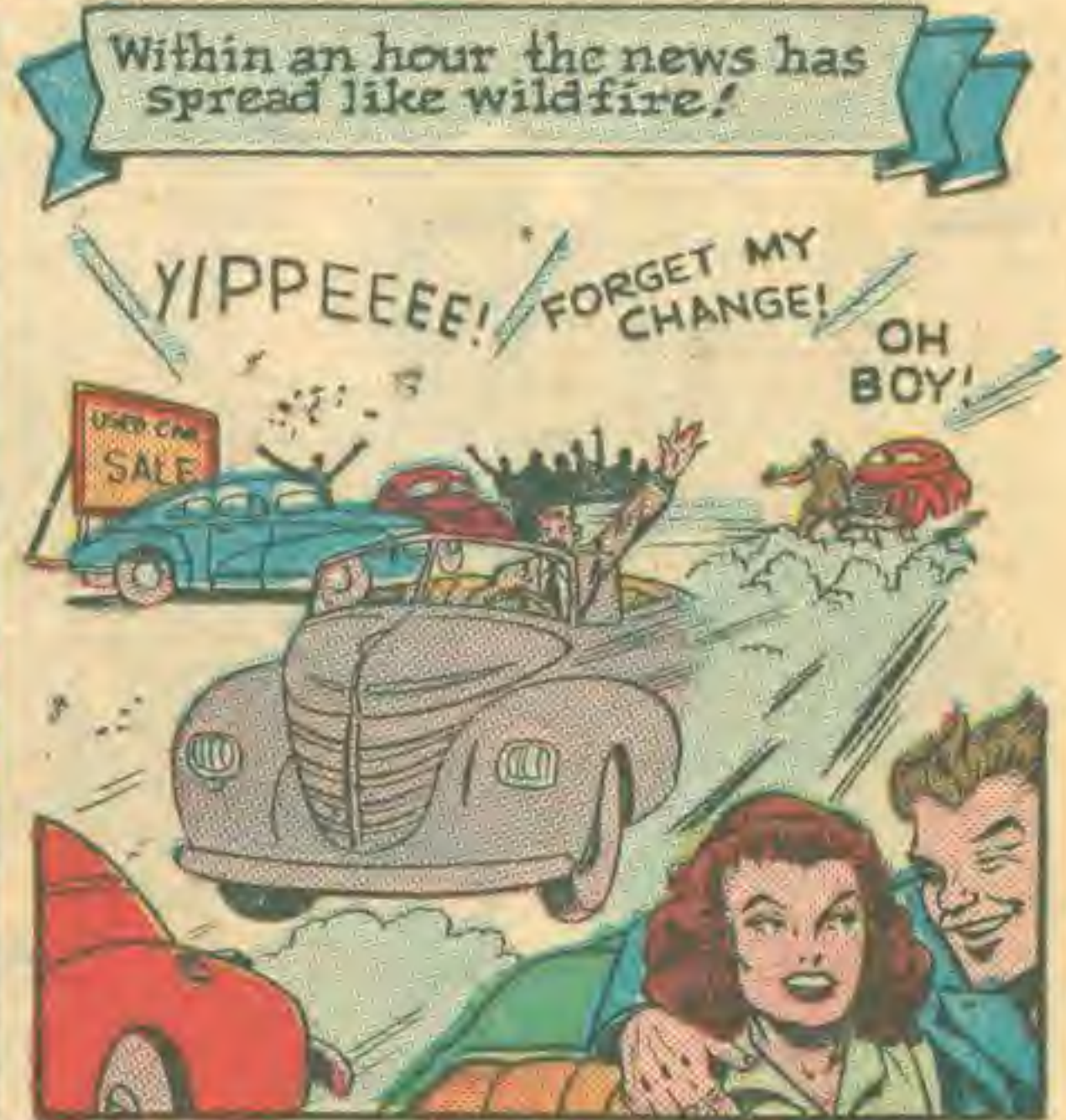


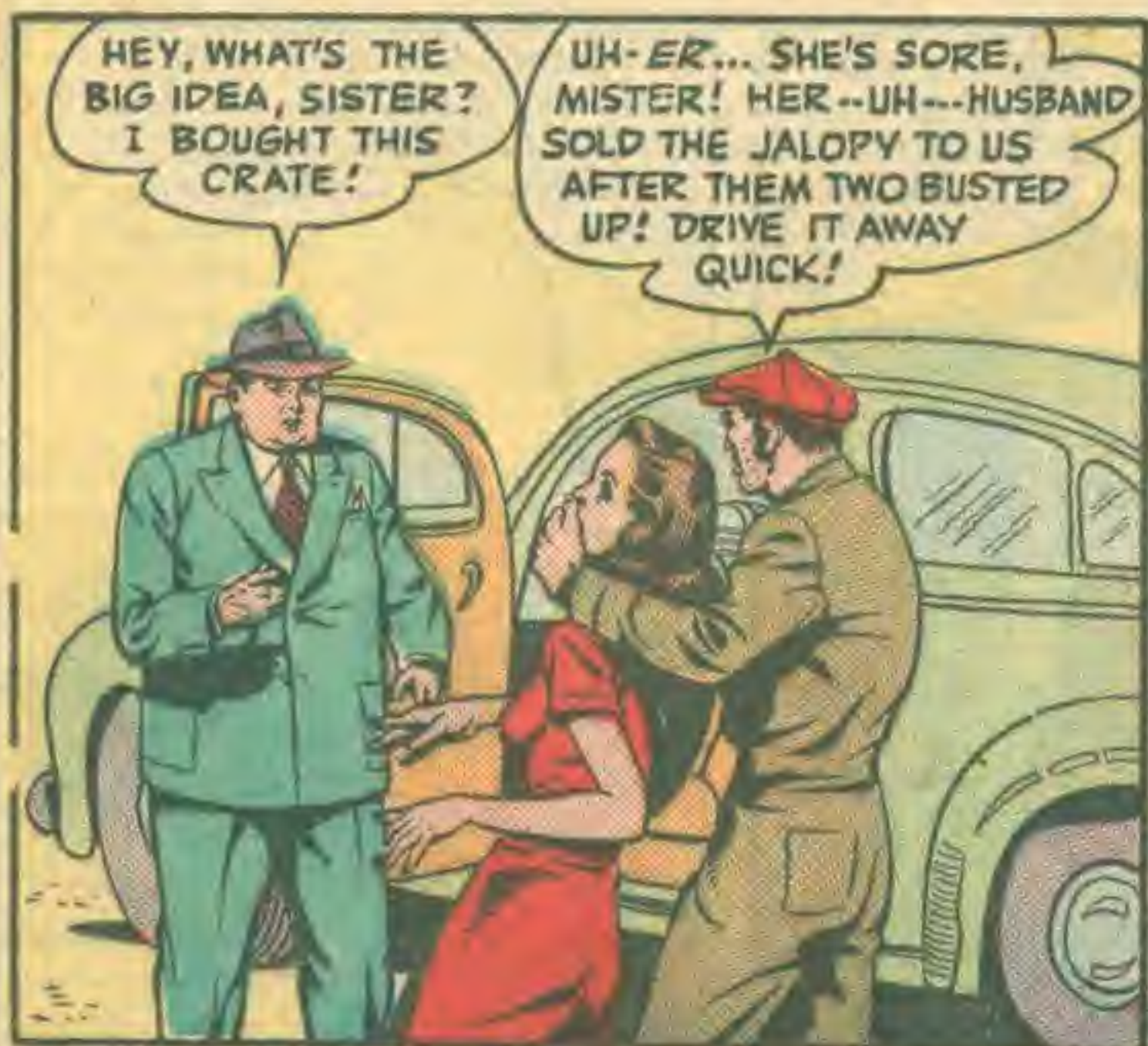
ALL DAY,
PLEASE!

TWO BITS, LADY! AND
LEAVE YOUR KEY IN THE
CAR, IN CASE WE HAFTA
MOVE IT AROUND!









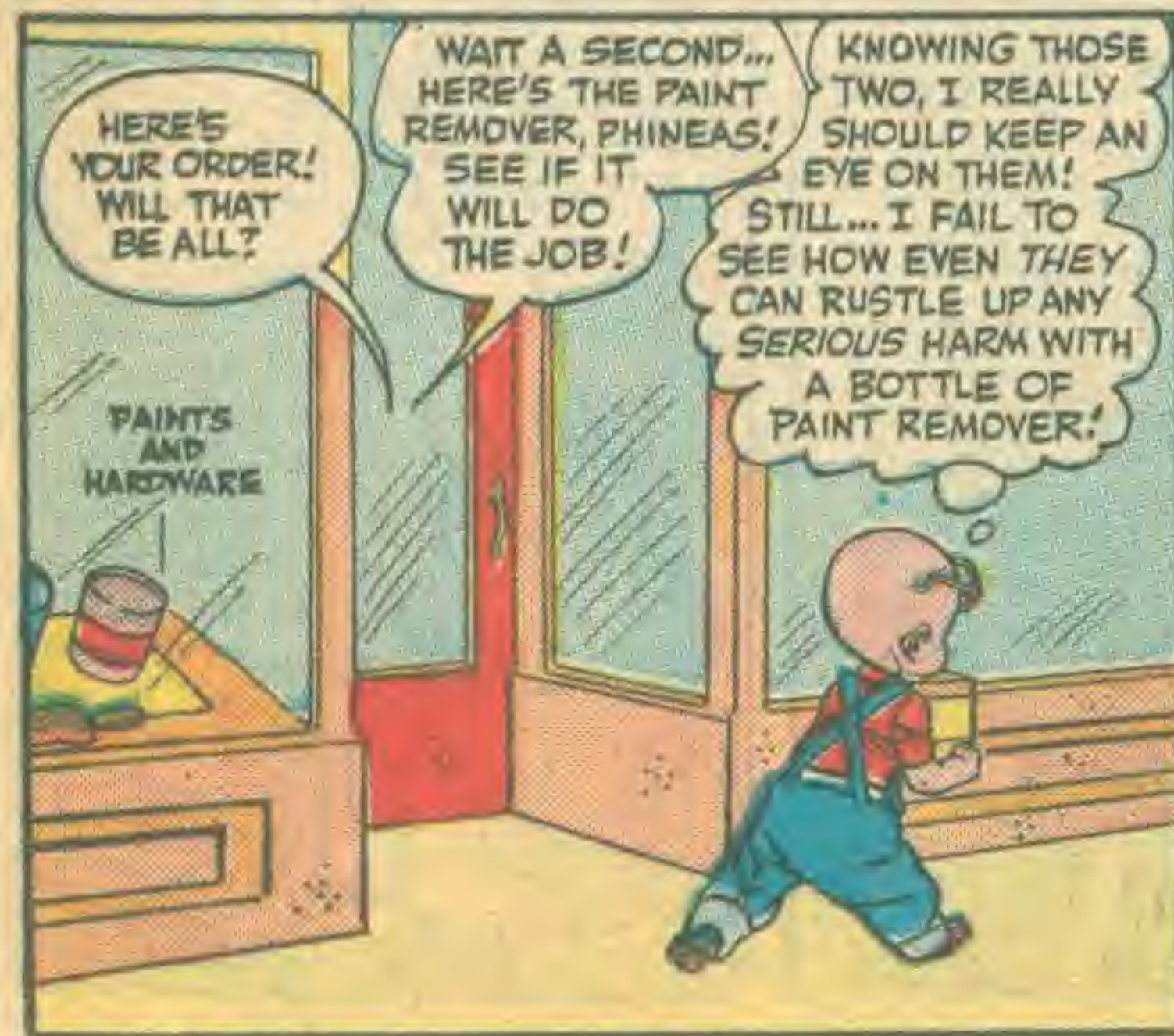






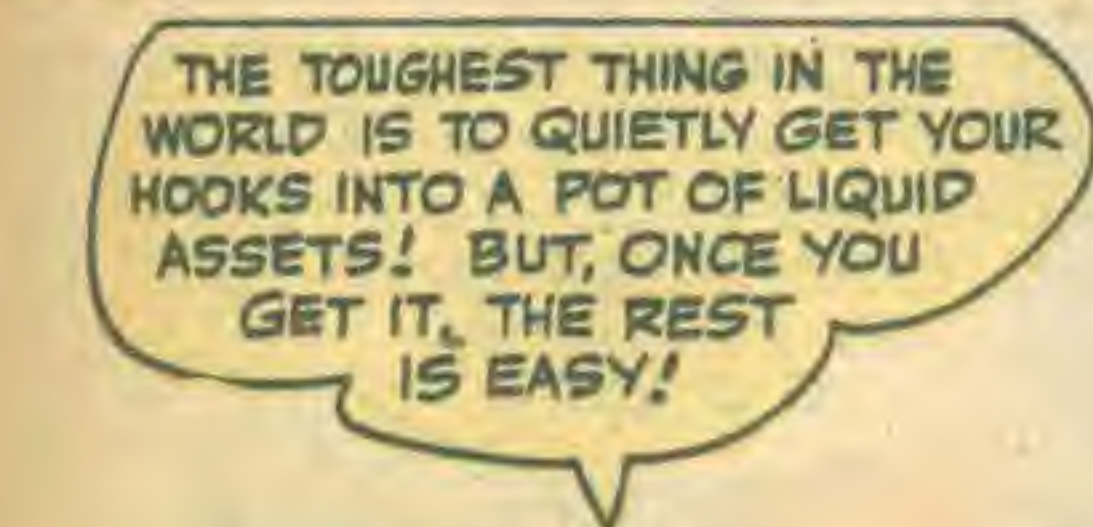


INTELLECTUAL AMOS





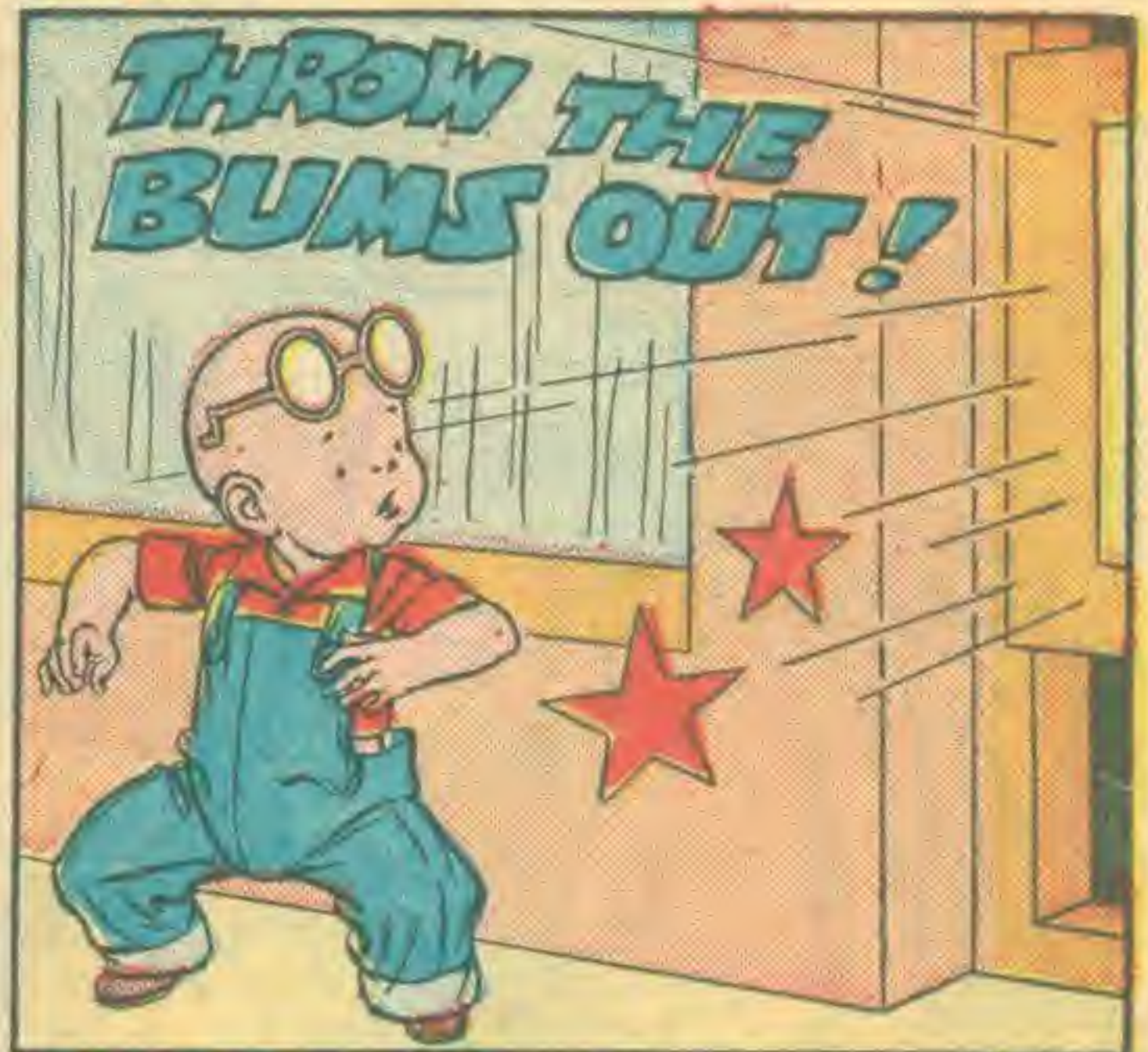




THE TRAIL IS
PRETTY CLEAR!
I'M GOING TO
FOLLOW IT, NO
MATTER WHERE
IT LEADS!



HMMM!
IT SEEMS
TO END
HERE!



**THROW THE
BUMS OUT!**



AND STAY OUT!

WELL, THAT SOLVES
THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE
OF MY PAINT POT! AS FOR
THOSE TWO LUNATICS, I
MIGHT HAVE KNOWN
THEY'D BE MIXED
UP IN IT!



Y' KNOW, ADMIRAL,
FER A WHILE I THOUGHT
WE WAS FINALLY A-SETTIN'
EASY--- BUT I RECKON
RICHES WON'T LAST!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL SCRATCH
OUR WAY UP THERE YET!
SOMEDAY WE'LL LIVE LIKE
DUKES --- JUST LOAF IN
BED TILL LATE AN' THEN
RING A LITTLE BELL FOR
THE VALET TO LAY OUT
OUR SWELL CLOTHES!
JUST WAIT ---

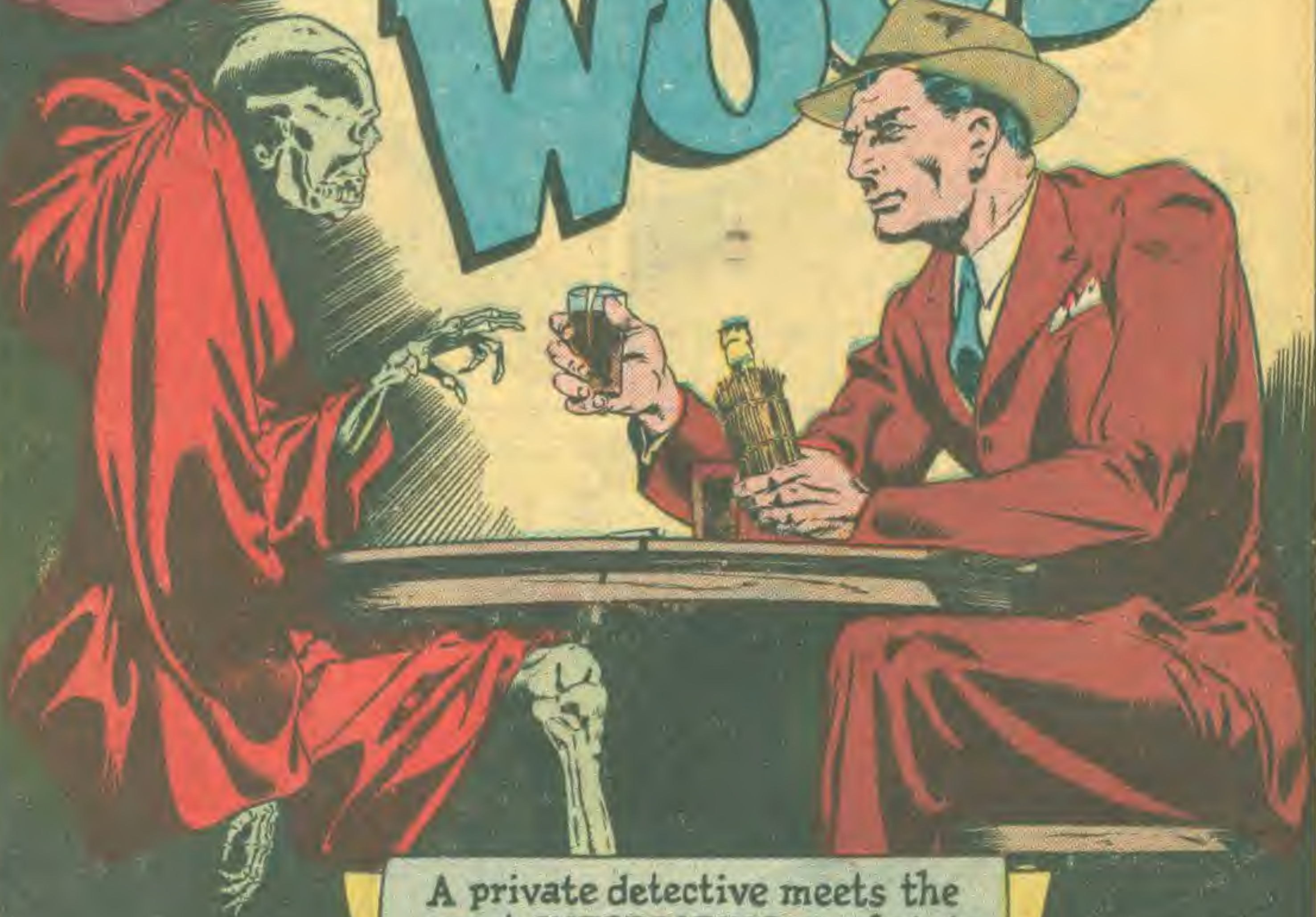


MAMMY! THET
SHORE SOUNDS
GOOD! BUT D'YE
THINK WE'LL EVER
MAKE IT---I MEAN
THE CLOTHES AN'
THE VALET AN'
THE LITTLE BELL?

AND WHY
NOT? AIN'T
WE ALREADY
GOT THE
BELL?

TING-A-
LING!

Steve Wood



A private detective meets the most **INTERESTING** people! As, for instance, Steve Wood and his date with **MR. BONES!**

The Steve Wood detective agency has individuality, atmosphere--but not many clients!

YES, THIS IS STEVE WOOD'S OFFICE! HAVE YOU AN APPOINTMENT?

NO, MA'AM! MY NAME IS BONES--MR. GRIMM J. BONES--AND---

HERE IS MY CALLING CARD! PLEASE TAKE IT TO HIM!

A THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL! YES, MR. BONES, I WILL!

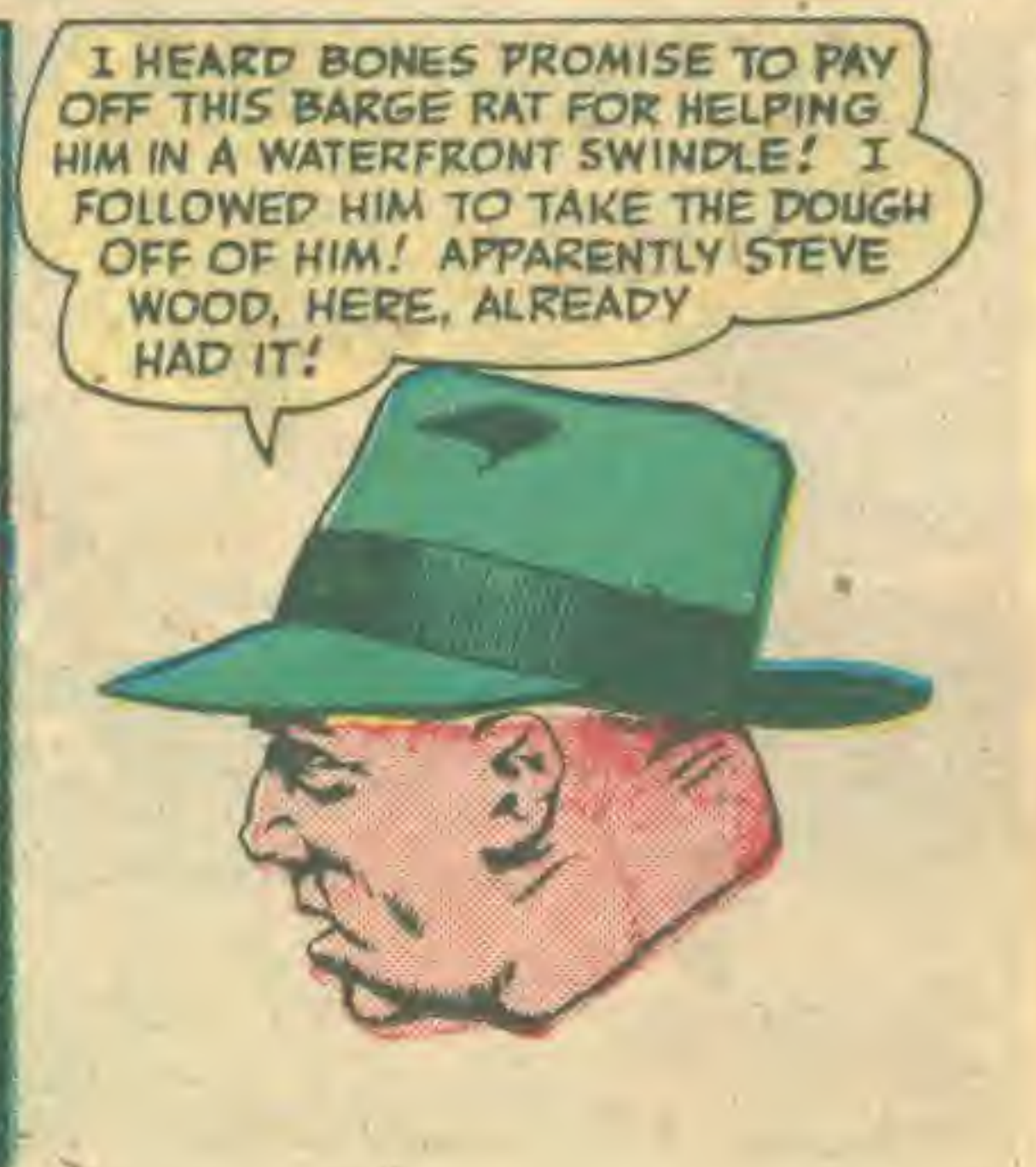
SUCH A CALLING CARD I CAN'T RESIST! SHOW MR. BONES IN, SALLY!

I'M IN, MR. WOOD!













The TEST

THE two Indians crept cautiously through the tall grass, making slow progress of it. They had managed to crawl up to within a few hundred yards of the town. Now they lay flat, listening, waiting.

A soft wind stirred the grass, carrying with it the sweet smell of clover and new hay. A covey of partridges flew up with a great bumping and made off over the fields. Crows cawed in the trees a quarter-mile away.

Long Corn said, "The captain's house is not far away. There, beyond that watering trough."

The other Indian, Kanada, nodded. Then he whispered, "Come then, let us be getting back to our people. The chief will want to know what we have found."

Like red snakes, the two Arappahoes slid and slunk away through the grass, the noise of their passing less than that made by a mole. When they had reached the protection of the trees, they stood up and began a mile-eating trot for the hills.

Captain John Rankin was saying, "The only good Indian is a dead one. I'm for wiping 'em out—every man, woman and child of 'em. And the sooner we start, the sooner we'll have no trouble with 'em again."

Mayor Gillis of the little town of West Gate, raised his hand. "I'm not in favor of unnecessary bloodshed, Capt. Rankin. I say we can reason with these Indians if we are so minded."

One of the soldiers of the small garrison stationed near the town said, "Reason with 'em! Did you ever try to reason with old Bloody Hand, their chief?" He laughed derisively. "The only way he can reason with a white man is to tie him to the burning post. I say, kill 'em!"

This discussion was taking place in the U. S. Cavalry headquarters. It was a discussion that always ended the same way: by a troop of horses going out after the marauding Arappahoes. And always these raids ended the same way: they never found a single Indian.

"I say wait till they hole up in winter quarters," said Capt. Rankin. "We never cut sign on 'em durin' this weather."

Mayor Gillis offered, "I believe if we invited Chief Bloody Hand to a conference we might make a deal."

"He won't come," said Rankin. "That's been tried often enough. Old Bloody Hand says the whites have broken too many treaties for him to put any faith in 'em. Mebbe he's right, at that."

Meantime, Bloody Hand and his braves were grouped around the ceremonial fire. The two spies had reported their findings.

"It would be an easy matter to fall upon this village of pale faces," said Bloody Hand, "and kill them all. But that would only bring more soldiers from the Great White Chief to the east. Therefore we shall wait and see what the pale faces do before striking."

One of the braves jumped up, snatched a war pole and began dancing and chanting. Drummers struck up a rapid tattoo on the tight skins.

"No, no," cried Bloody Hand. "We shall not go to war against these people. We shall do as I have said—wait."

The muttering in the tribe died down and the squaws began building fires under the evening pots. If no war, then there was food to eat; braves love both occupations.

It was no difficult matter for Capt. Rankin to raise a goodly crowd of volunteer settlers to go with his troops. Against the advice of the mayor, he meant to set out and mop up on the Arappahoes. Many of the settlers had suffered at the hands of the Indians. That it was seldom the red man's fault, they didn't stop to consider. At that time, too many people believed that the only good Indian was a dead one.

Led by the doughty Rankin, the crowd rode far into the hills the first day. The next forenoon they crossed the range and found themselves on a wide plain, the traditional hunting grounds of the plains tribes.

Runners had brought the news that Bloody Hand and his men were encamped in the next range. It was some 20 miles east of the first hump of hills.

The sun beat down on the flat expanse of plain. The tall grass was brown and sere. A few scattered herds of buffalo moved in the distance. The heat shimmered in waves over the hot plain.

At noon the men came upon a tiny water hole, and it was only by exerting force that

NATIONAL COMICS

Rankin could keep the men from filling their canteens before the horses drank. By the time the stock had quaffed big mouthfuls of the tepid water, there was none for the men.

"It's the only water hole," complained one of the soldiers. "We'll die of thirst, for sure."

"It is better that we go thirsty than our horses drop under us," warned Rankin. "We may need 'em soon."

At noon, they saw a signal fire high atop a hill, and knew that the Indians were telegraphing news of their approach. Would the Arappahoes call upon the Sauks and Foxes to help them? Old Black Hawk of the Sauks was a white man hater, and would probably be only too glad to go to war.

It was when the troops and settlers had reached the approximate middle of the plain that a sudden yell brought them alert. Then from all around them leaped painted savages, screaming and brandishing rifles and war clubs.

"We're surrounded!" shouted Rankin. "Give it to 'em, boys!"

Rifles began popping, mingling with the arrows and bullets of the Indians. They quickly saw that only Bloody Hand's men were in this war party.

The big surprise came when a single-file line of redskins came galloping on horseback from the north. Yelping and waving scalps, the new Indians—they were Sauks—came in a mad whirl, joining the Arappahoes.

Smoke began lifting in a small cloud on the south side of the milling circle. Then they saw that one of the Sauks had a travois—a sort of cart-like contrivance made of two tepee poles dragged by a horse—behind him. It was blazing. The dry grass caught instantly.

In a moment a ring of fire totally surrounded the white men. A new breeze had sprung up and the fire was fast rolling toward them. The heat was becoming unbearable. They could not see where to shoot because of the cloud of smoke.

The Indians kept up a sporadic fire, needing only to aim at the center of the fire ring.

"We gotta get outa here, boys," cried Rankin. "They mean to roast us alive. Come on!"

Leading the way, Rankin galloped directly toward the milling circle of Indians, trying to break through. The flames were too much. His horse reared and plunged and at last fell, screaming.

It was then that old Bloody Hand, now mounted on the horse hauling the travois, did a strange thing. He galloped through the flames, yelling, and began whipsawing back and forth, cutting a swath in the wall of fire. Gunfire fell silent. The white men muttered and grunted that they couldn't understand such an act of heroism.

"Why, the old devil is makin' a way fer us," said Rankin. "Look, his horse is burnin' all over!"

It was true. The small pony was blazing; the travois was a mass of leaping flames. But the Indian had cut a path of safety in the raging fire. The white men tore through the opening, brought their horses to a halt. All the Indians—a few had fallen—waited for them on the other side of the fire.

Bloody Hand was burned badly, but he now sat another horse, proudly. He lifted his right hand.

"White man," he said gravely, "I have this day saved you from death. Our friends the Sauks were for roasting you alive, but Bloody Hand said, 'No, we shall save these men. Then maybe their great chief will see that we mean to be friends with our white brothers. What do my white brothers say?'"

Rankin rode up to the chief and held out his blackened hand. "Thanks, Chief. From this day on we are brothers. The village will this day hold a great potlatch. Come, brother, with your men."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 14, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF NATIONAL COMICS, published bi-monthly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1946.

State of Connecticut } ss.
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the NATIONAL COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the data shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, George E. Brenner, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point,

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1946.
LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (Commission expires April 1, 1949.)

NATIONAL COMICS

GRANNY GUMSHOE

by Gill Fox

Granny and Lippy usually go looking for adventure, but this time it was mailed to them in the form of *The Haunted Doll House!*

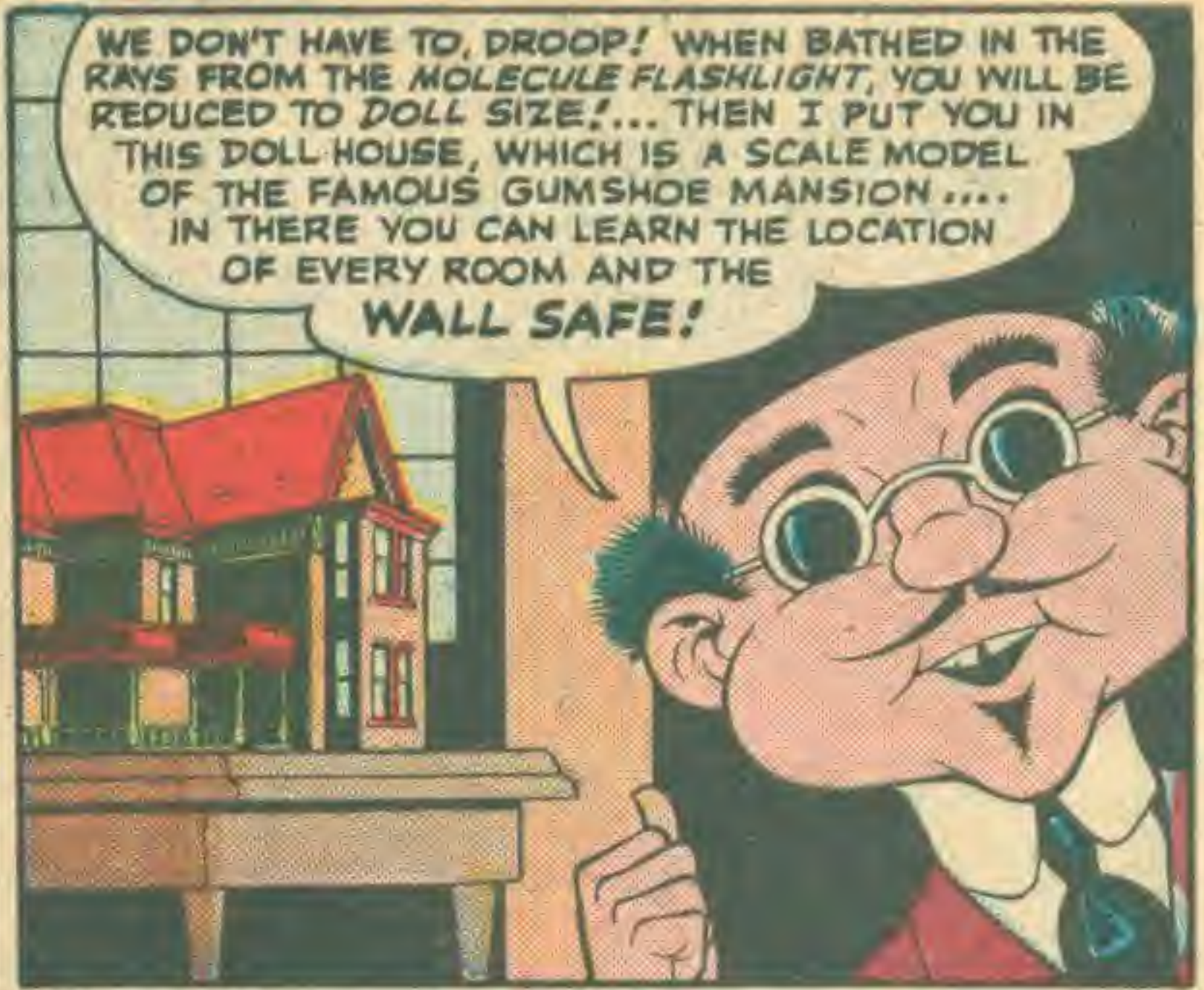


HEY, LIPPY!
CAN'T YOU EAT YOUR
LUNCH SOMEWHERE ELSE?
YOU'RE BLOCKING MY
FRONT DOOR WITH THAT
FRANKFURTER
AND ROLL!



AH! AT LAST I'VE COMPLETED THE MOLECULE FLASHLIGHT! NOW WE CAN GO AFTER MRS. GUMSHOE'S FAMOUS OLD FAMILY JEWELS, EH, DROOP?

BUT WE HAVEN'T CASED THE OL' GAL'S MANSION YET, DOC!



WE DON'T HAVE TO, DROOP! WHEN BATHED IN THE RAYS FROM THE MOLECULE FLASHLIGHT, YOU WILL BE REDUCED TO DOLL SIZE!... THEN I PUT YOU IN THIS DOLL HOUSE, WHICH IS A SCALE MODEL OF THE FAMOUS GUMSHOE MANSION... IN THERE YOU CAN LEARN THE LOCATION OF EVERY ROOM AND THE WALL SAFE!



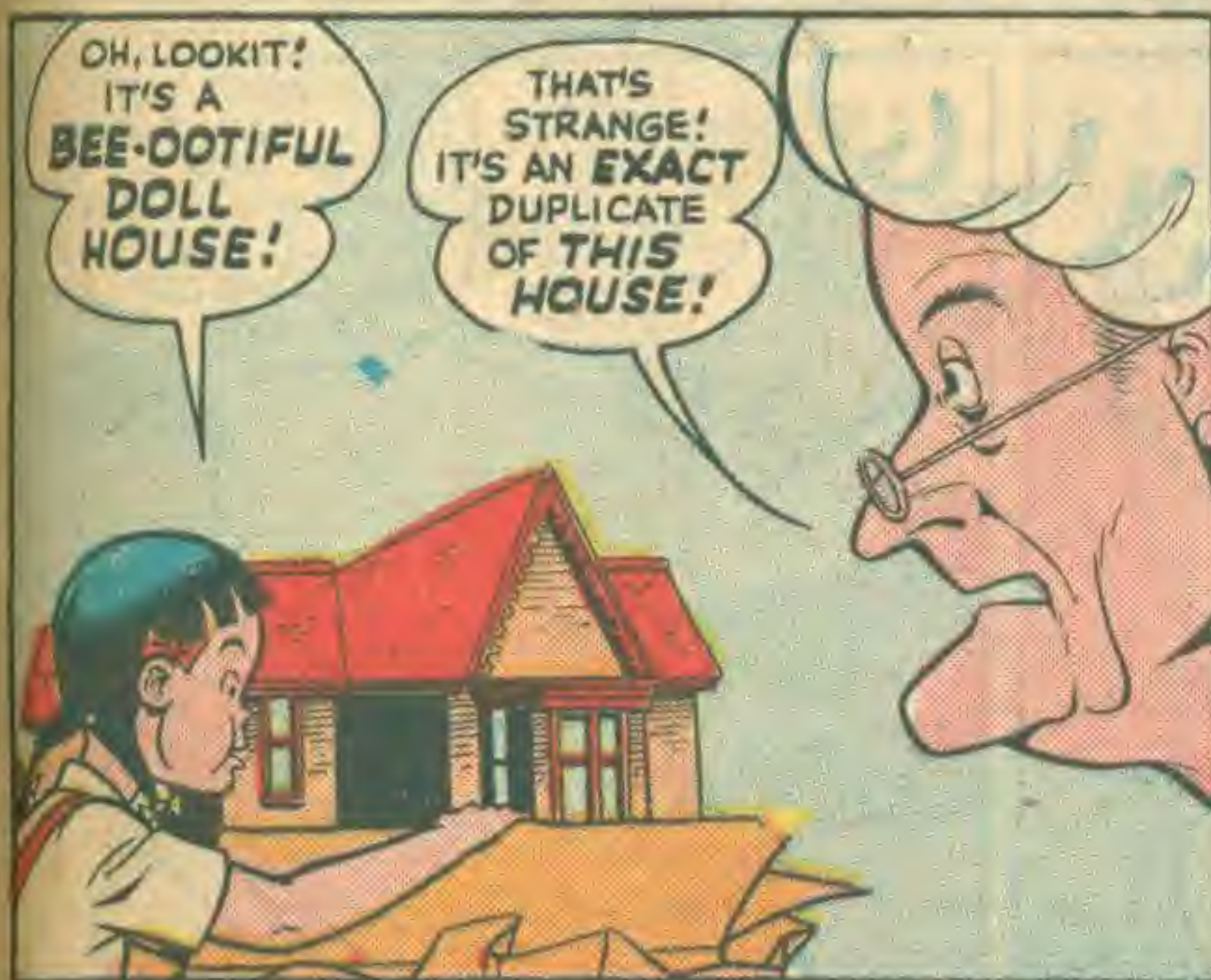
I WILL MAIL THE DOLL HOUSE WITH YOU HIDDEN IN IT TO MRS. GUMSHOE'S GRAND-DAUGHTER, LIPPY! THE KID'LL LOVE THE DOLL HOUSE AND YOU'LL HAVE GAINED ENTRANCE TO THE MANSION!

CLEVER, DOC, CLEVER!

And so it is that Lippy receives an unexpected package...



HEY, GRANNY! I JUST GOT THIS BIG PACKAGE IN THE MAIL! I WONDER WHAT'S IN IT?

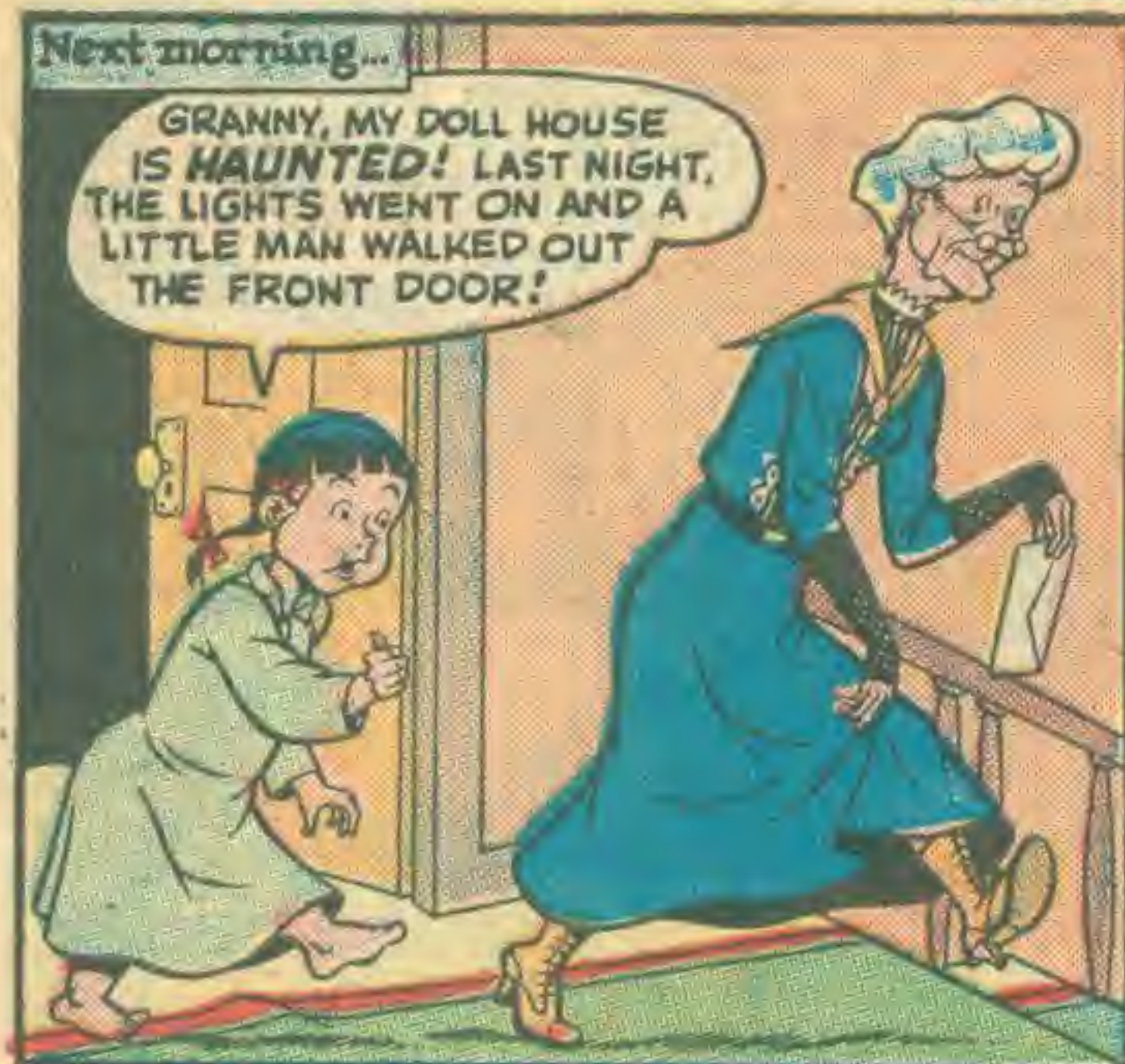


OH, LOOKIT! IT'S A BEE-DOOTIFUL DOLL HOUSE!

THAT'S STRANGE! IT'S AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF THIS HOUSE!



S'FUNNY! THERE'S NO RETURN ADDRESS! OH, WELL, IT'S HARMLESS! KEEP IT IN YOUR ROOM!



That night...
in Lippy's
room...



HELP! THE LIGHTS
IN THE DOLL HOUSE
JUST LIT UP!



A MAN!
AND ONLY
FIVE
INCHES
TALL!



HE DISAPPEARED
INTO THE
SHADOWS BY
THE DOOR!



Next morning—

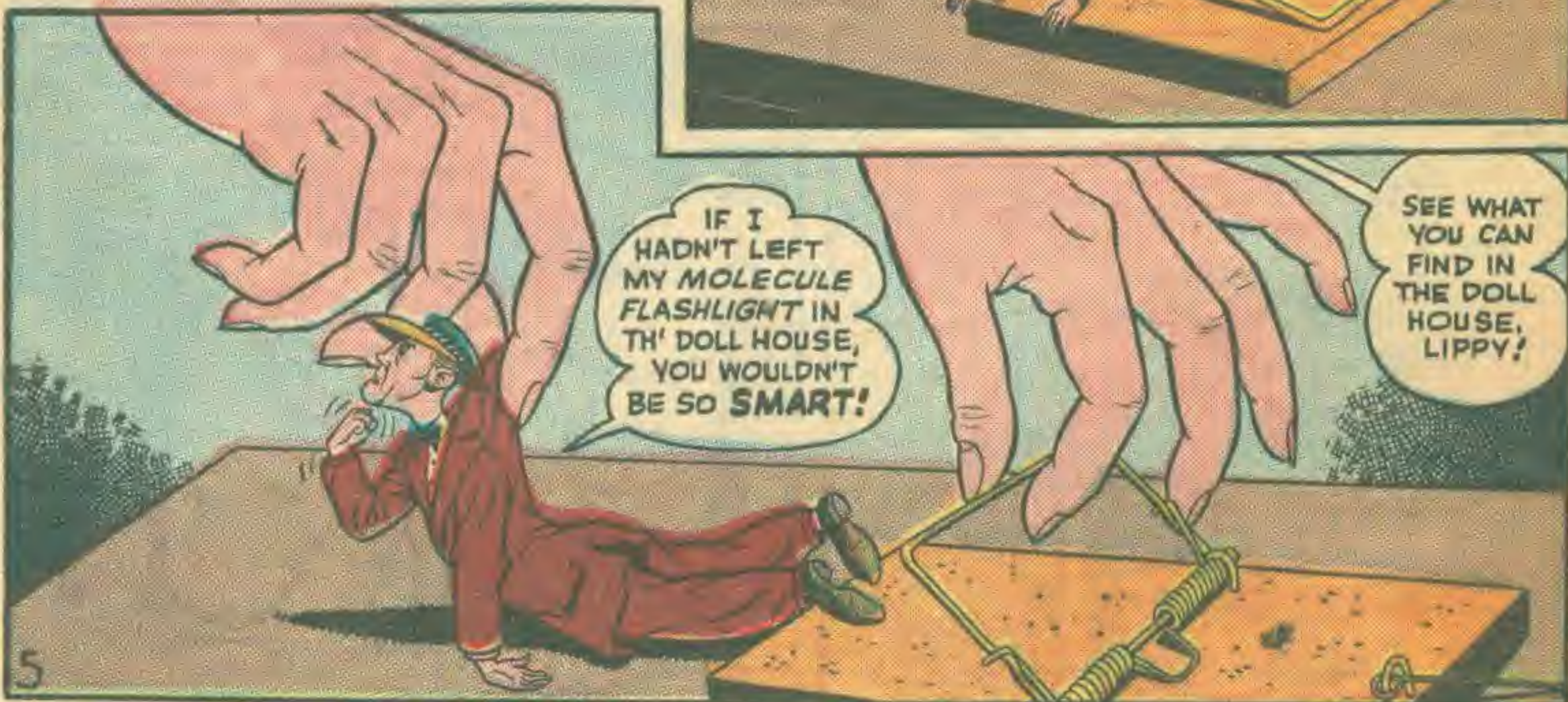
MY WALL SAFE
HAS BEEN OPENED!
SO THAT'S WHAT THAT
LITTLE RASCAL WAS UP
TO! ... I'LL FIX HIM
TONIGHT!



Twelve
o'clock
that
night...

NOW, IF WE
KEEP QUIET,
LIPPY, THAT
SURPRISE I
PREPARED FOR
OUR TINY
FRIEND
SHOULD
WORK!

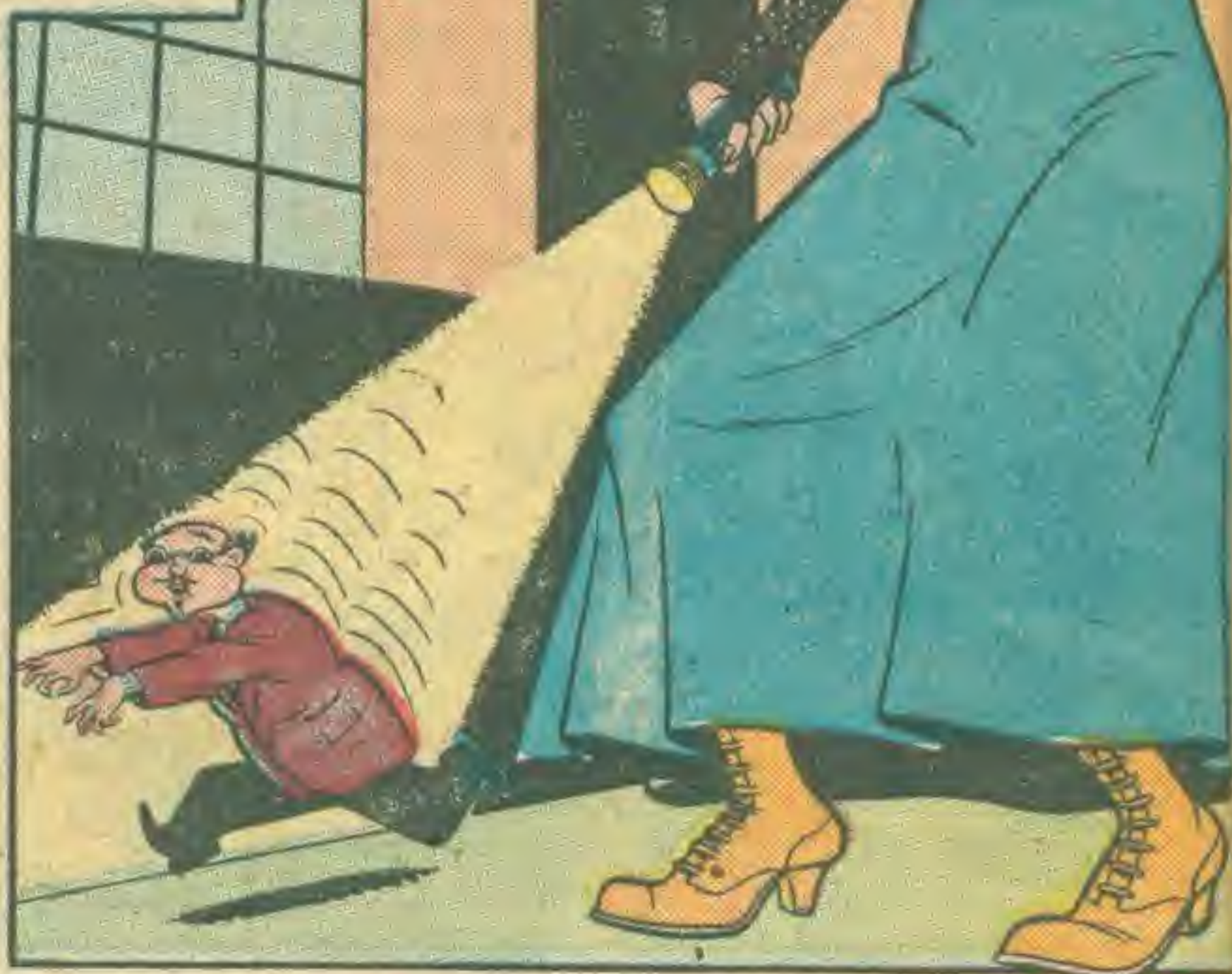






The next day, Dr. Shrinkem again finds himself in possession of the Doll House...





QUICKSILVER

His muscles are
of **STEEL!**
His will is of
IRON!
His heart is
of **GOLD!**
HIS NAME IS
QUICKSILVER!



I KNOW I
WRONGED
THE MAN,
QUICKSILVER
--I WISH I
COULD MAKE
IT RIGHT
WITH HIM!

KIND OF LATE FOR
THAT, MR. HIDGE,
IF YOU BLAMED
YOUR CRIMES ON
HIM AND MADE
HIM LEAVE THE
COUNTRY! TELL ME
THE WHOLE STORY!

HE WAS IN THE TRIPLE
PARTNERSHIP --- JONAS AND
GARROBY AND MYSELF! WE
RAN A CROOKED STOCK DEAL!
WHEN THE LAW QUESTIONED
US, GARROBY AND I PUT
THE BLAME ON JONAS!

AND SO HE RAN
AWAY TO AUSTRALIA,
AND ONLY RECENTLY
PAID BACK THE MONEY
YOU STOLE -- SO HE
COULD RETURN TO
AMERICA! WELL?

HE SENT ME WORD
THAT AUSTRALIAN
MAGIC WOULD
DESTROY ME! I
DON'T KNOW
WHAT HE MEANS
OR WHERE
HE IS ---

I'D BETTER
FIND OUT!
SUPPOSE I
LEAVE AND
TRY TO
TRACE HIM!







YOU THINK ANY JURY WOULD BELIEVE THE STORY YOU'LL TELL? GOODBYE FOR NOW, GENTLEMEN -- I ONLY DROPPED IN TO ASSURE GARROBY OF HIS FATE!

HE'S GONE! AND I WON'T LET HIM IN AGAIN!

YOU'LL BE WELL ADVISED TO KEEP THIS WINDOW LOCKED!

HE GOT QUICKSILVER!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I -- I THINK SO! BUT FOR THE WINDOW GLASS AND THIS HELMET I WEAR, THAT MIGHT HAVE SMASHED MY SKULL!

BUT WHAT STRUCK YOU? SOMETHING CAME IN --- BUT I SEE NOTHING!

I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!

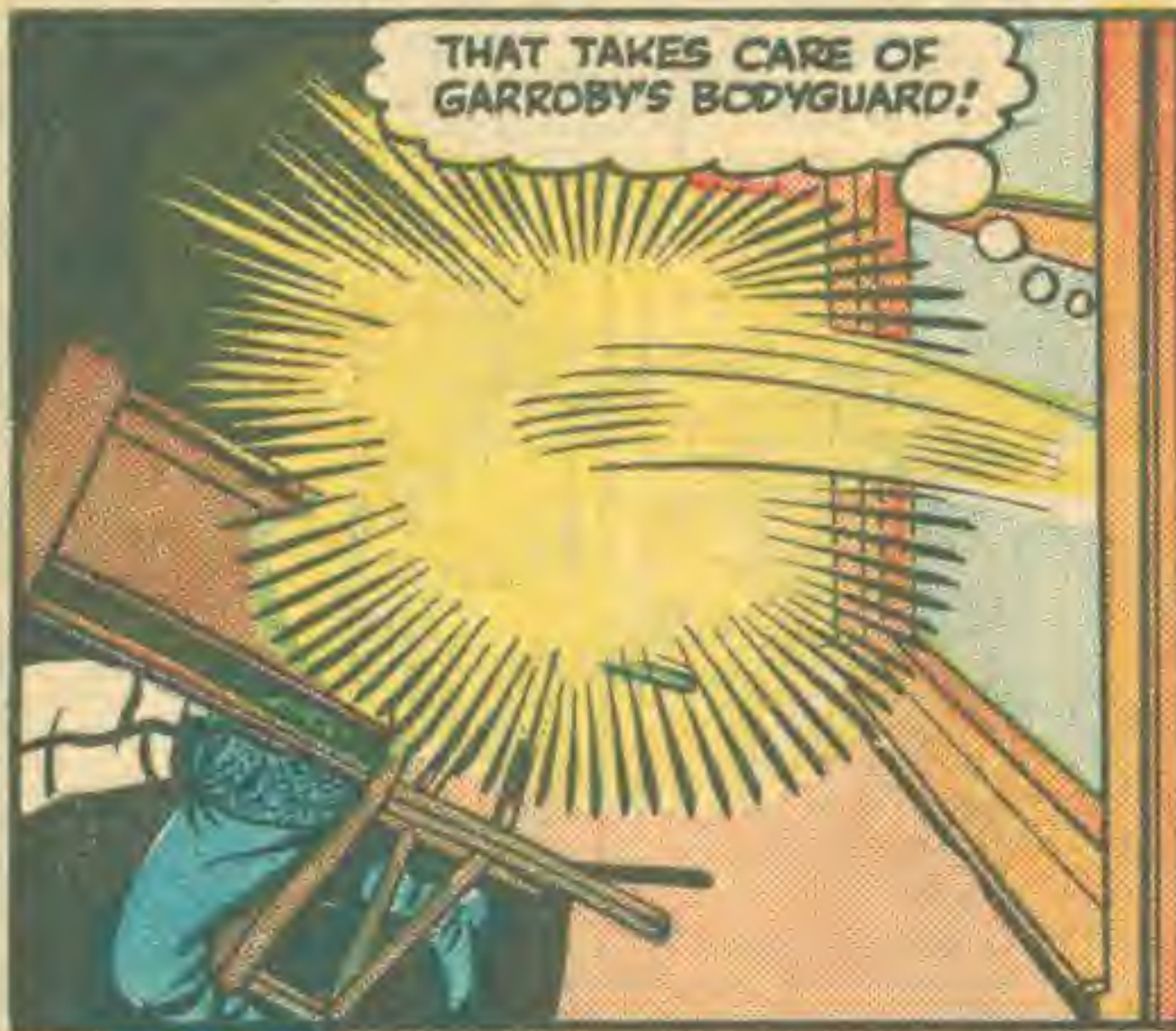
I DON'T LIKE AN ATTACK LIKE THAT, JONAS!

OH, DID I HIT YOU? SORRY -- MY MAGIC MISTOOK YOU FOR GARROBY AT THAT WINDOW!

I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BEAT ME IN REVENGE! EASILY DONE --- I'M OLDER AND SMALLER THAN YOU, WITH A CRIPPLED ARM!

I'M NO COWARD, JONAS! WHAT I'M GOING TO DO IS KEEP WATCH ON YOU AND SAVE GARROBY!









Salty Waters





I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

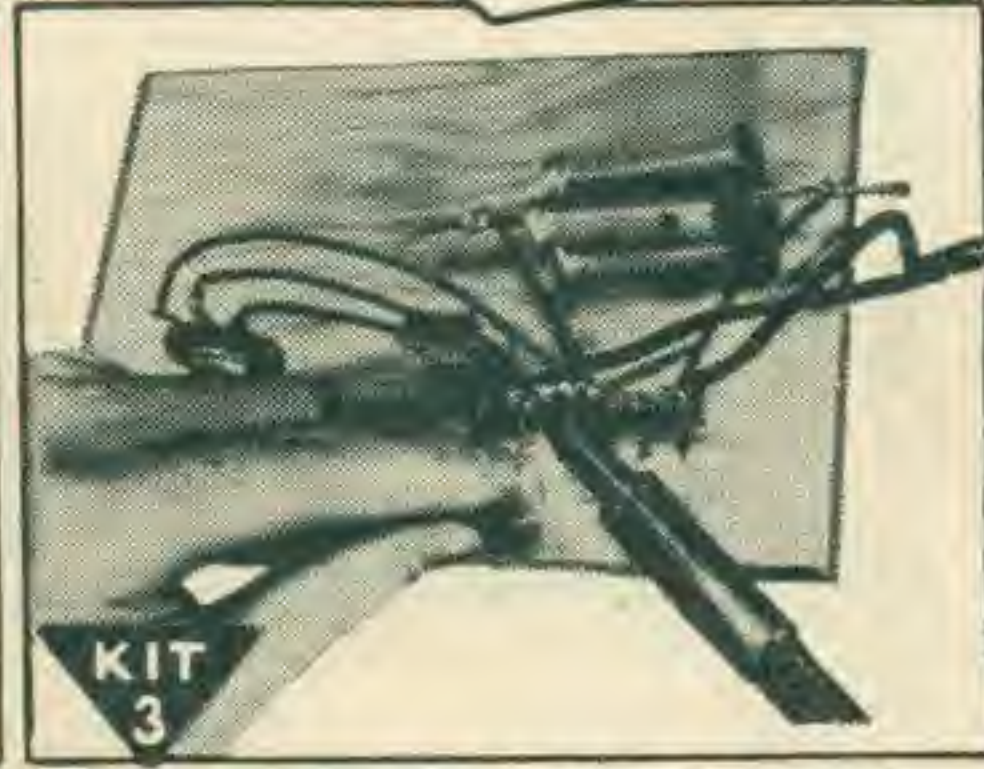
**I Send You
Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



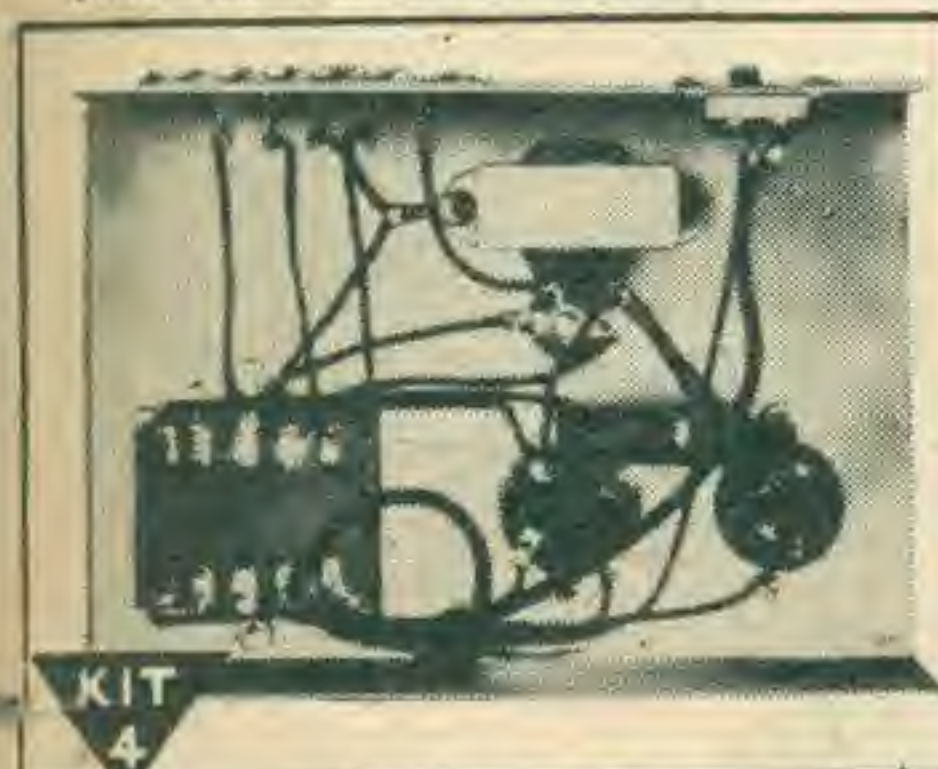
KIT 1
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



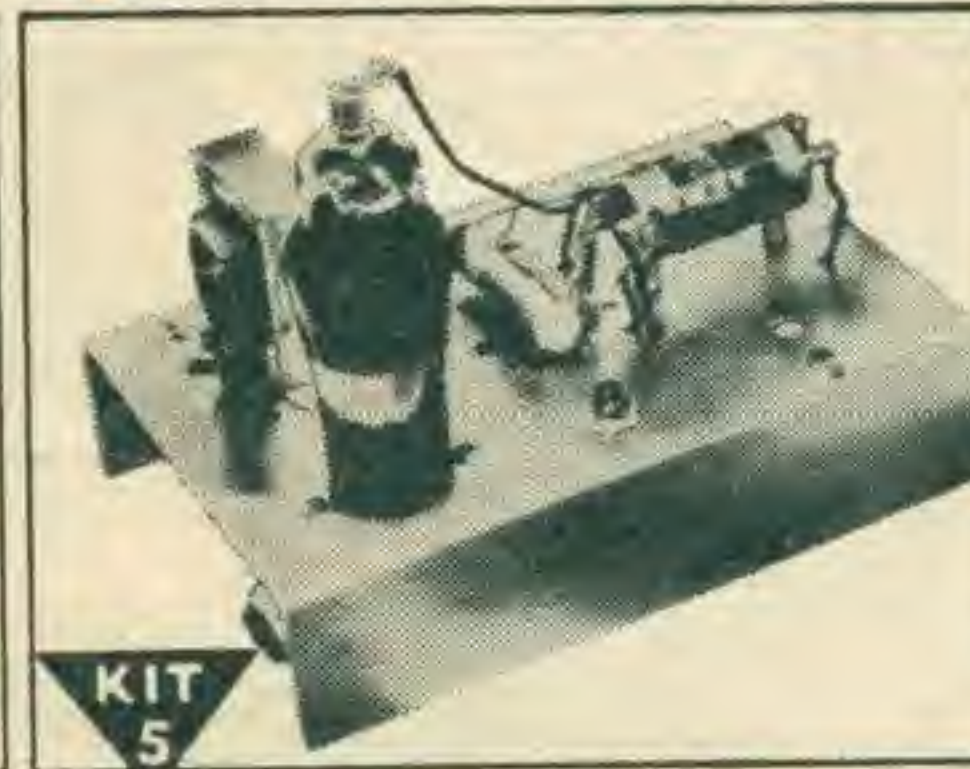
KIT 2
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N. R. I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



KIT 3
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



KIT 4
You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5
Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6
You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio

KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

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for training
under
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Do you want a good-pay job in the fast growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in RADIO—Television, Electronics," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while

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STURDY AXE,

with Leather Sheath. Attaches to belt.

Boys! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in a leather sheath. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.



COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET

Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell one order, plus \$1.50 extra.



SWEETHEART DOLL

"Peggy Sweetheart" is the doll you'd love to own. Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell only one order, plus \$1.00 extra.



Famous "Flying Ace" Ball Bearing Roller Skates for Boys and Girls. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.



Swivel Head Flashlight

"Nothing else like it" Head turns at any angle. You can stand it up, or clip it on—leaving both hands free. Given, complete with two batteries, for selling one order, plus \$1.00 extra.



WRIST WATCH

A beautiful Wrist Watch, suitable for Boys, Girls, Men or Women. Given for selling one order, of American seeds, plus \$1.50 extra.



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A big, husky HUNTING KNIFE, with Leather Sheath. Has serrated edge, bottle opener. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.

ROY ROGERS GUN WITH HOLSTER SET AND 12 FOOT ROPE LARIAT

Republic Pictures Star



Boys! Get this big, all-metal repeating Cap Pistol with Holster and Lariat. It's a reproduction of ROY ROGERS' own Gun, with clicking hammer and twirling cylinder. Fires roll caps. Sell one order, plus \$1.50 extra.



Roy Rogers "King of the Cowboys"

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OUR 29th YEAR

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